A NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Plucky Young Americans Who Have Founded a Republic for Poor Boys and Girls. How They Make Good Citizens.

A half-grown boy came into the Journal office yesterday. He said he wanted to see somebody who knew something about the Junior Republic.

"I read about it in the paper this morning," said the boy, pulling out a creased and not over clean page of a newspaper.

"It's a queer kind of a go, aint it? I come to see if it was true, or if it was just a jolly."

I told the tall boy that the Junior Republic was true, every boy and girl in it.

"And do you really get a chance to go swimmin' all you want?" said the tall boy.

"Yes," said I.

"And plenty to eat?"

"Yes."

"And you can stay all Summer?"

"Yes."

"And you don't have to wear no clothes all alike, like a orphan or a jail bird?"

"No."

"And you can pick berries and flowers, and no cops to make you git off the grass?"

"Yes."

The boy's eyes grew brighter and brighter. Suddenly they fell, and when he looked up they were so very bright that I was afraid he was going to cry.

He didn't.

"Say," he said, "I came to see about that place. I'll tell you why. I'd like to go well enough myself, but it aint that. I've got a little brother. He's kind o' sickly. He's got something the matter with his breathing. Hot nights he has to sit out on the stoop most all night. Can't breathe if he lays down. He'd be just the one for that Republic. He's smart and could help them make their laws and things. He's awful smart. He aint sick enough to be no trouble; he's just ailin'. I wouldn't care so much, only the mother's dead, and there aint nobody much to see to him, and I'm a fool that way. I don't know what to do when he gets a bad spell—and can't you git a place for Joe up there?"

"No made by the week, sir."
(Scene at the Swagger Hotel in the Junior Republic.)

I hesitated a minute. The boy broke in hurriedly:

"I read what it says. You have to work for what you get up there. That's all right. I s'pose Joe couldn't work much, but look-a-here—I aint workin' this fer myself; honest, I aint—on the dead; but say, I'm awful strong. I could do diggin' or wood splittin', or carrying stones, or any old thing that takes muscle. Look-a-here"—the boy caught at his torn shirt sleeve and pulled it up—"See them," he said, making his muscles swell into an iron bunch. "I can work hard enough for two. I see that your contractors give 20 cents an hour. I could earn enough for two of us, an' I'd pay Joe's board, and mine, too. Say, wont that go?"

"The Republic is poor," I began, "and there isn't room for one extra boy, yet; then your fare up there—how would you raise that?"

The boy's face fell; then it brightened.

"Look-a-here," he said, unfolding his creased newspaper. "It says you can git independent there after you have been there a week or two. Don't you think the president of the Republic would give me my tickets up there, and let me work 'em out?"

I thought of the president of the Republic as I saw him when I was there, standing in the door of the weather-beaten little farm house, young and enthusiastic and full of splendid courage and belief in the future of his citizens, but poor, poor as poverty, with a little farm that would have to be mortgaged to put the Republic really on its feet.

I'm afraid I looked a little discouraged.

"Say," said the boy, growing suddenly scarlet to the roots of his hair, "say, I aint no beggar. I'll work, an' hard, an' I know I'm askin' lots; but, say, that last hot spell I had a job that kept me workin' nights, an' when I came home, at half-past two in the mornin', I found him sittin' on the steps, all alone, all crooked over, tryin' to breathe. Said the room was so hot he'd die there, an' I carried him up, an' it was hot, an' he said it choked him up there under the roof. An' the folks on the next floor let me take him out on the fire escape. There aint a window in our room, an' he breathed a little easier there; but, say, his face was just as white as death an' all pinched up. Say, he's only nine, but he looked most a hundred years old. Say, aint there no chance? It's comin' hot again, pretty soon. I'll work harder than any two citizens in the Republic, and I wont ask 'em to let me vote."

"Isn't there some other place you can send him?" said I. "Some fresh air"——

"No boys over nine allowed," said the boy, "anywhere."

I told the boy that I would write and see what could be done. He had hardly gone, when a woman came to find out about the Republic. She said that she had two boys, one nine and one fourteen. "Good boys," she said, "but they've got to runnin' with a gang, an' I can't do a thing with them. I have to be out all day. I wash for a living, and I can't see to them; and, anyway, they have no place to play or anything, and I don't blame them much. Now, up there, I see the boys learn to work and to take care of their money. Can't my boys go?"

"Can't my boys go?"

The same story all day long. Good boys, bright boys, bad boys, stupid boys; all alike in one thing—all needing "a chance."

Girls, too—delicate girls, unruly girls—girls are in the way in a crowded tenement room. Girls who would make honest women are wanting a chance—a chance to make an honest living, honestly; a chance to grow, a chance to live.

"I wonder if there isn't some way to give these boys and girls a chance. Not simply a chance for a few weeks of fresh air and country sunshine, though they need that badly enough, in all conscience; not a chance to take charity, and to expect it as a right; not a chance to grow into aimless, helpless, out-of-work people; but a chance to learn the lessons of self-respect and self-support—a chance to learn how to be good citizens, a chance to learn how to make laws, instead of how to break them.

"I have a letter in my desk from a boy up in the Junior Republic. He says:

"'Dear Friend—I want to take the contract for the hotel this year. I am going to pay the government a good license, but I think I can make money. I shall have room for 15 beds. I shall charge 15 cents a night for these beds. I shall have to do my work myself; but it pays better to do that. I wish I had more beds, but there aint any more to be had for me now. My hotel is going to be the swell one up here. There's a separate room to rent in it. That's $3 a week. I think the stone contractor will take that. He makes good money. I have a little garden, too. My beets is doing fine. The Republic is doing fine. We are poor yet, but Mr. George says we aint any poorer than the Pilgrim Fathers was when they started. Good-by. Your friend,

G. H. L.'

"Now that boy went up to the Republic last year, a lazy, shiftless, mischievous little tyke, with a head full of ideas about 'skinning the cop.' His principle object in life was to lead a 'gang' and his chief accomplishment was a marked ability at crap shooting.

"He's a prominent member of the legislature now. He helps make stringent laws against paupers, and he's studying hard between times, so that he can pass a civil service examination, and get on the police force. His chum is a boy who knew more about 'de alley gangs' than any boy in New York. He's a boss carpenter now, and hires laborers and pays them, too. There's a boy up there in that Republic who works in his vegetable garden all the morning and studies law, when he can spare time from 'goin' swimmin'.'

"He's one of the leading lawyers of the place. He sometimes defends his youthful clients with more vigor than legal form, but he shows a marvellous grasp of the meaning of things. There are young merchants up there who used to delight in pilfering fruit stands. They have stands of their own now, and they make very strict laws about boys who pilfer. The citizens of that Republic are, all of them, learning to respect the law and to make good laws.

One of the most active members of the Legislature is a boy from Cherry street. He said the other day: "You can just bet no ward heeler will run me when I git to vote. Old Dan cant' pull the wool over my eyes the way he does over pa's."

There are no paupers in that republic. The citizens wont keep a pauper in food, and starvation is a pretty good argument against any sort of thing.

There are no Anarchists there. Every citizen is part of the Government himself, and any boy or girl who said anything against the flag up there would find life not at all to his liking for a long time afterward.

It's the good old American flag they float up there, and the republic is run in the good old American fashion, and there is not a boy or girl there who wouldn't fight like a tiger in defence of the good old American fashion of independence and self-government.

That little republic is making citizens worth having. It's going to the root of things, and it's beginning where all things should begin, with the boys and girls. It is making American citizens, and all Americans ought to turn in and help it out. It needs help. It needs all kinds of help. It is too small. It hasn't land enough. It hasn't buildings enough—it hasn't room for half enough boys and girls. It needs clothes and books and farming implements and tools. The militia need guns and uniforms, the hotels need bedding and dishes, and the merchants need goods of all sorts. They do not get these things for nothing, the citizens up there. They work, and work hard, and pay for them.

In what?

In Junior Republic money, of course. But the supply of things which can be bought for that money is running low. The republic s poor, as poor as poverty itself.

The Legislature meets in a little bit of a crowded, low-ceilinged farm house. Half the members have to stand because there's no room for them to sit. There isn't a fit place for the court to meet.

The farmers cannot work their little plots of ground to advantage, because there are no more farming implements to be bought for Junior Republic money.

The young hotel proprietors need beds, bedding and dishes. They cannot buy them because there are no more things to sell in the republic. The citizens are paid in republic money, and they must pay in that money. There isn't even money enough to spare to buy a decent, clean flag to raise on the Fourth of July. Who wants to help the brave little republic? Who wants to help these courageous boys and girls who are trying so hard to help themselves?

Every man who is proud of the American Republic ought to help.

Every woman who loves Old Glory and every star in it ought to help.

Every man who wants to see the spirit of anarchy and rebellon wiped out ought to help.

Every mother who has a son she's proud of ought to help these plucky boys.

Every father who sees his daughter growing up in happiness and comfort ought to help these courageous girls.

Every one who loves pluck and courage, and hard work and indomitable energy, ought to help.

Every American citizen ought to help, and help gladly, and with rejoicing at the opportunity.

They have no Indians to fight, these little American citizens, up there in their little republic. They have no enemies over seas to conquer, as the founders of our big Republic had, but they have foes quite as relentless. They have the tenement house spirit, the spirit crushed by hopeless poverty.

They have the incredulity of the world of grown-up people, who will laugh at them, just as people laughed at the Pilgrims.

They have youth and inexperience and poverty to fight, but they will win. They must win. Who will help put the plucky little republic on its feet?

WINIFRED BLACK.

Detailed information concerning the Junior Republic, its methods, its results, and its needs, will be given at the headquarters of the Journal's Junior Republic Bureau, Madison Square Bank Building, Broadway and Twenty-eighth street, third floor.

FOUR DOGS IN A FIGHT.

Large Crowd Looked Through the Grating While Three Bulldogs Tore a Fox Terrier to Pieces.

Loud canine howls in the cellar of the empty Victoria Hotel building attracted the promenaders on Broadway, near Twenty-seventh street, yesterday afternoon, and for a few minutes as many as could see through the iron grating witnessed a fierce fight among four dogs, one fox terrier and three bull terriers.

The noise and the crowd around the grating attracted the attention of pedestrians for a half a dozen blocks in each direction, and men and women ran to the scene till the street was packed like an "L" train in the rush hours. Those in front could see the dogs roll and tumble over each other, and farther back in the crowd the noise of the conflict created as much excitement as if there were a bull fight on Broadway.

The dogs are owned by James Kane, the engineer of the building, and until yesterday lived in peace in the cellar, where formerly the wines and liquors were kept. The disturbing element was a bone, which was to be a meal for all, but which the fox terrier attempted to monopolize.

Its greed was resented and the bull dogs united in attacking the fox terrier. Men on the street yelled at the dogs through the grating and tried to poke them with canes, but interference simply made the fight hotter.

Finally a policeman hunted up the hotel watchman and he went to the cellar and drove the bull dogs away with a club. The fox terrier, covered with blood, fell over when left alone and was unable to get up again. One of its front legs was nearly bitten off, its head was bleeding from a dozen ugly wounds, and an ear was missing.

While the fight was in progress two citizens went to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Officer John H. Gay hurried to the hotel, but the dogs had been separated before he arrived.

Nutmeg Men Want Pattison Now.

Norwich, Conn., June 28.—Since the refusal of William C. Whitney to be a candidate, Connecticut Democrats are shouting for ex-Governor Robert Pattison, of Pennsylvania, and Thomas M. Waller, of Connecticut, for Vice-President. The latter will be urged for second place, no matter who is nominated for President, if a satisfactory financial plank can be obtained.

MARTIN THE HEIR HOLDS TO THE KEYS.

Mistress of No. 93 Grove Street, Brooklyn, Unfeelingly Buried.

Followed to Greenwood by a Single Coach and No Religious Service Held.

Coroner's Autopsy Fails to Show Foul Play, but the Mystery of the Woman Is Unsolved.

WILL ANY OTHER HEIRS APPEAR?

Mysterious and Uncommunicative Persons Call at the Deserted House After the Funeral and Express Regret at Being Too Late.

The aged woman who died at No. 93 Grove street, Brooklyn, early last Friday morning under the name of Emma Templeton, was buried yesterday with scant ceremony. Notwithstanding the fact that she died surrounded by every luxury, and in dying left to a comparative stranger all her worldly possessions, the casket in which her body lay was of the cheapest quality, and she was interred in Greenwood Cemetery without religious services of any kind.

A few facts concerning this strange woman, who lived for a number of years in a fashionable quarter of Brooklyn, unknown to all her neighbors, came to light yesterday. They seem to point to the conclusion that her life had been one of adventure, and that, in not mingling in any way with her neighbors, she was actuated by motives of common prudence.

The story of Mrs. Templeton's death created much interest throughout the Eastern District of Brooklyn, and long before 10 o'clock, the hour at which the funeral was to have been held, the neighborhood of Peth's undertaking establishment, at No. 127 Boerum street, was thronged with people. It was known among them all that Coroner Nason had forbidden the funeral to take place without his permit, and when he arrived at the undertaker's, shortly after 9 o'clock, accompanied by his physician, Dr. William Valentine, there was considerable excitement.

The Coroner at once ordered the body removed from the casket, in order that an autopsy might be performed. This was done, and as the surgeon was at work three mourners arrived in the persons of Ignatz Martin, the sole legatee; Charles Reinhardt, the lawyer who drew the woman's will, and a third man, said to be a friend of Mr. Martin's.

CORONER WITHDRAWS OBJECTIONS TO BURIAL.

In an hour's time the surgeon had done his work, after which Coroner Nason stated that the autopsy showed that death was caused by acute hemorrhage of the lungs. "The body having been embalmed," said the Coroner, "the embalming fluid would naturally remove all traces of inflammation of the stomach, which would be the only way we could tell whether or not poison had been administered. I am confident that the woman died of natural causes, however, and am willing that the funeral shall take place."

The body was then replaced in the soft-wood casket, with its covering of cheap black cloth, and when the casket was placed in the hearse Mr. Martin and his two companions entered a closed carriage and the little cortege started for Greenwood. Reaching the side of an open grave in a remote part of the cemetery, the body was lowered without a prayer or a hymn, or even a dampened lash. And thus the unidentified woman, whoever she was or whatever she may have been, was finally put away from human sight.

If no relative of the dead woman appears within the specified legal period Ignatz Martin, the real estate dealer, of No. 1519 Broadway, Brooklyn, will probably come into possession of the estate. If a relative does appear, however, and is disposed to contest the will made by Mrs. Templeton so shortly before her death, it is by no means certain that Mr. Martin will inherit, for Dr. Louisa Grimmell, who attended her during her last hours, says she was not of testamentary capacity. "She was delirious most of the time, I think. At any rate, she was decidedly 'flighty.' She made statements which could have had no foundation in fact. Several times during the week she said to me: 'Now, when you go out, be sure and leave the door unlocked, because my brother will want to get in. My brother is a butcher, and he gets home at four in the morning.' Again she would say: 'My brother is a fine fellow. He lives in Rochester, but he is red; oh! very red.' Then she would speak of 'Nellie,' the girl who so strangely and mysteriously left her last Saturday, once saying: 'I suppose Nellie is at the other end of the lake now,' a moment later remarking: 'Nellie's in the middle of the ocean.' She was constantly making queer remarks like that, and she seemed to suffer greatly from pain and fits of coughing. No one in the neighborhood ever heard of a brother, and no one ever saw such a person enter or leave the house, so this brother probably existed only in her mind."

HAPPENINGS AT THE HOUSE.

There have certainly been a number of queer occurrences about the now deserted house. Mr. Martin, who says he knows nothing of the woman's past, visited the house on Saturday afternoon, in company with two men. He remained there an hour and then left. He locked the front door, and to make it doubly secure, tied a towel about the two knobs of the door.

Several small boys, who were playing on Grove street that afternoon, now say that, at 5 o'clock, two hours after the departure of Mr. Martin and his companions, the basement door of the Templeton house was quietly opened from the inside, and a man stepped out. As he stood in the small areaway, he appeared to lock the door, and then, putting something in his pocket, emerged into Grove street and walked rapidly toward Central avenue. In his right hand he carried a bundle of papers.

The only description the children can give of this man is that "he's tall, with a silk hat, and he aint got no whiskers."

Four hours later another interesting incident occurred. A woman was seen to mount the wooden steps leading to the front door. She rang the bell several times, descended to the area and shook the basement door, and finally, reascending the front steps, leaned over the railing, and, opening the blinds, knocked vigorously on the nearer parlor window with the handle of her parasol. She did not desist for several minutes—in fact, she was still knocking when a night watchman at the brewery near by called out:

"Hey! There aint anybody in there. The woman's dead."

"Yes, I know she is; but, I tell you, Martin or somebody's inside, and I want to get in, too."

"You're mistaken, madame," responded the watchman, but the woman was not satisfied for some little time. At length, however, she turned away, and as she met the watchman at the gate she said, angrily, "He'll never get a cent, I'll promise you that," and walked toward Evergreen avenue.

WHO WERE THESE VISITORS?

The watchman describes this visitor as a large woman, with very light hair and red cheeks. He says she was unusually tall, which is the only difference between his description and Mrs. Grimmell's of the female "cousin" of the dead woman, who called at the house on Saturday afternoon, saying she had come from Orange and was refused admission by the servant acting upon Mr. Martin's orders.

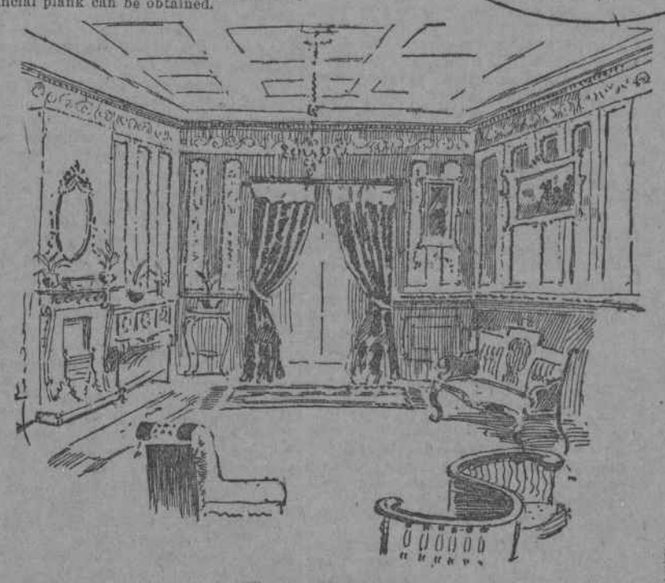
The third "mysterious stranger" to appear in this case came upon the scene at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He was a tall young man of about twenty-eight years, with light hair and mustache and blue eyes, and was stylishly dressed. He tried in vain to obtain admission to the Grove street house. Shortly afterward he rang the bell of the home of Mrs. Grimmell, and asked for that lady. He told her that he had come over from New York to see the body of the dead woman.

"I am confident I once knew her," he said. "When I was a young fellow I lived on Lexington avenue, in the same house with a woman named Hope. This was about ten or eleven year ago, and she was forty-eight or fifty years old. She married a man named Templeton, but they did not live happily together, and shortly afterward separated. She left New York about a year later and went to St. Louis. I heard of her occasionally thereafter. I also heard that she returned East a few years ago, but I have never seen her since she left Lexington avenue. I believe her husband is still living. The woman I knew as Mrs. Templeton was English by birth."

This young man expressed great disappointment that the woman had been buried before he could see her. He refused to give Mrs. Grimmell his name or address. "I don't want any newspaper notoriety," was all he would say.

Still another young man went over to Brooklyn yesterday in the hope of identifying the dead, but he, too, arrived too late and was likewise disinclined to reveal his identity. John H. Ball, Sr., who has lived at No. 97 Grove street for the past two years, says that the dead woman was by no means a recluse, but that, on the contrary, she had many well-dressed visitors at her house, who generally arrived in cabs or carriages.

Mr. Martin was invisible yesterday after the burial. All the afternoon the lace curtains of his spacious home on Willoughby avenue were drawn aside, and, while a figure was seen to pass before the second-story windows several times, repeated peals at the door bell failed to elicit any response.



THE PARLOR
House of Mrs. Templeton at No. 93 Grove Street, Brooklyn.

An autopsy was yesterday performed by order of Coroner Nason upon the woman known as "Templeton," "Hope" or "Hudson," who died on Friday morning, leaving all her property to a comparative stranger. After the autopsy all further objection to her interment was withdrawn, and she was buried in Greenwood without any religious services. The deserted house was the scene of much curiosity during the day.

SHOOTING GREW OUT OF AN ARMY GRUDGE.

Weaver Had Been Threatened with Arrest by Sergeant Livingston.

Had Gone to Another Company's Quarters While Drunk to Pick a Quarrel.

The Murderer Shot Down Under Orders by His Intimate Friend Who Was on Guard.

VICTIM GIVEN A SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

Man Who Killed Him Was Quietly Put in the Ground—Lieutenant Clark Absolved from Blame for His Order to Shoot.

Valentine, Neb., June 28.—The cause of the shooting of First Sergeant Livingston, of Company D, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., by Private Weaver, of Company C, in the same regiment, at Fort Niobrara yesterday dates back to about two weeks ago.

At that time Weaver and Private McElvoh, of Company D, had some trouble which stirred up considerable bad feeling between the men of the two companies. During a spree a few days later Weaver went to the D company quarters and tried to pick a quarrel, but was unsuccessful. Sergeant Livingston ordered the man to return to his quarters under penalty of arrest and imprisonment in the guardhouse.

Weaver obeyed the command and the affair was apparently ended. Weaver, however, continued his spree until the canteen officers refused to sell him more liquor and he was compelled to sober up. This left him in a melancholy state of mind, and yesterday morning, while waiting to go on guard, about 9 o'clock, he sat on the porch of his company's quarters, brooding over his fancied wrongs, when Sergeant Livingston came up the road on his way to the post office. At once Weaver arose from his seat, hailed the passing soldier with a "Good morning, sergeant," and, raising his gun to his shoulder, exclaimed: "I'm going to shoot!" As the words left his lips he fired, and the sergeant fell to the ground, shot through the heart.

ORDERED THE GUARD TO SHOOT.

Instantly all was confusion, the men running out of their quarters all along the line and the officers leaving their residences on the opposite side of the parade ground. Several of Weaver's friends started to disarm him, but he waved them off and commenced firing right and left as he walked down the road. The soldiers gave him plenty of room, most of them seeking cover of some sort.

Corporal of the Guard Cummings ran up, but Weaver halted him and told him to stand back, remarking: "You're too good a man to kill." After exhausting every effort to secure the frenzied man, Lieutenant Clark ordered Guard Strine, who was an intimate friend of Weaver, to fire upon him, aiming for his legs. Strine asked if that was his orders, and, being assured that it was, fired, the ball striking the magazine of Weaver's rifle and sending particles of the weapon into his groin. The wounded man fell, but managed to fire three more shots. He died soon after being taken to the hospital.

Weaver was an old soldier, having been a member of the Eleventh Infantry before joining the Twelfth at this post. He had lots of friends among the men, not only of his own company, but of the entire regiment.

TOO STRICT TO BE POPULAR.

Sergeant Livingston was a model soldier, well liked by his superior officers. He was not a great favorite among the men, his ideas of military discipline being a little too severe to suit their notions, but otherwise they had nothing against him. His home was at Mankato, Minn.

Lieutenant Clark is upheld in giving the order, it being the only thing he could do. The man was undoubtedly insane, his action in shooting into the company quarters being accepted as conclusive evidence of that fact. In all nine shots were fired, and it was regarded as marvellous that no more fatalities occurred, for nearly the entire regiment witnessed the shooting. Sergeant Livingston was buried with military honors at the fort this afternoon. Weaver was given a private burial later.

The killing of Private Weaver, of Company C, Twelfth Infantry, at Fort Niobrara, Neb., by Private Strine, of the post guard, who shot the soldier at the command of Lieutenant Clark, Twelfth Infantry, was quietly discussed in the officers' quarters and in the guard room at Governor's Island yesterday.

The only information either officers or men of the Thirteenth Infantry detachment quartered at the island possessed was gathered from the newspaper accounts, and the question most debated was whether or not First Lieutenant Clark was officer of the guard or officer of the day at the time he ordered the sentry to shoot the insane soldier. Weaver had gone crazy from drink, the dispatches say, had seized his rifle, ran out of the quarters and "turned loose" at every blue coat in sight. He had shot and instantly killed Sergeant Livingston, of C Company, and kept up a lively fusillade upon the men who ran out to pick up the Sergeant's body.

General Ruger, commanding the department of the Atlantic, was not on the Island yesterday afternoon. Lieutenant-Colonel Worth, Thirteenth Infantry, commandant of the Post, read the story from Fort Niobrara with much attention, and then said:

"I believe this is a unique case in the history of the United States Army. Certainly I have never heard of a similar one since I have been in the service, and that is since 1861. I don't think there is any law, regulation or tradition which can be quoted as covering the case, or that any precedent for Lieutenant Clark's action exists in our army records. I don't care to express an opinion regarding the case on such meagre information as is here set forth. Still, I should judge from the circumstance of the lieutenant's ordering a member of the guard to fire on the insane man that he was either officer of the guard or officer of the day and responsible for the order of the post. It is likely, since they have new rifles and new ammunition at Niobrara, that Private Weaver had his thimblebelt and an ample supply of cartridges. If, as the reports say, he had killed a sergeant and was shooting at everybody who approached, I should say it was necessary to prevent him from doing further injury, even if he had to be shot. Neither sentry nor lieutenant probably intended to kill him, but to wound him so he would drop his rifle. The bullet seems to have glanced off the gun and penetrated the man's body. The sentry probably fired a bit too high.

"There will surely be a court of inquiry called on this occurrence, but I do not think there will be a court-martial. It would follow the court of inquiry if it were deemed necessary. Or the lieutenant might surrender to the civil courts and stand trial there, as Lieutenant Manney, of the Fifteenth, did when he shot Captain Hedberg at Fort Sheridan. The shooting of a military prisoner attempting to escape by the sentry on guard has been justified by the courts, both in the case which was tried at Detroit and in another case at Fort Sheridan, in Chicago. But the shooting of a murderous maniac by a soldier at the command of an officer has, I am certain, no parallel in our army records."

At the guard house the "noncoms" and privates of the guard detail had read the report in the morning papers. They seemed to think that the shooting of Private Weaver was the best thing that could have occurred under the circumstances.

Said one strapping blue-coat: "The officer did the right thing. If Weaver was out in the open with a rifle and cartridges blazing away at the other lads, what show was there to capture him without sacrificing several men who hadn't murdered anybody? I don't suppose the guard tried to kill him or that the lieutenant wanted him killed. They probably wanted to wing him so he couldn't handle the gun. Anyhow, it was bette rthat he be killed than that he had been allowed to kill nobody knows how many other men."

Aside from Colonel Worth, who did not wish to express any opinion, no officer at the Island could be induced to discuss the affair. "Any of us may be detailed on a court martial in this case," said one lieutenant, "and it's against regulations to talk about matters of army discipline."

The shooting of Private Weaver by the guard at the order of Lieutenant Clark offers a striking analogy to one of Rudyard Kipling's best barrack tales. In it are English soldier stationed in India goes mad with the heat and drink, runs amuck, kills a non-commissioned officer and taking to the open ground of the parade with his rifle and a handful of cartridges "stands off" a regiment of armed men until he is shot and wounded by order of one of the officers and forced to drop his rifle. In that case, too, if memory serves, the crazy man first attacked and killed a superior officer against whom he held an old grudge, as Private Weaver is said to have done toward his victim, Sergeant Livingstone.

NEW RIFLE IS INEFFICIENT.

Army Officers Declare That Weaver's Wound Was Ineffectual.

Chicago, Ill., June 28.—The reported facts in the shooting of Private Weaver, Twelfth United States Infantry, at Fort Niobrara, Nebraska, is regarded by army officers here as substantiating their objections to the new rifle, the model of 1892. One chief objection to the new weapon is that it lacks in stopping power. Dr. Woodruff, now on duty with the Fifteenth, at Fort Sheridan, has maintained that the wounds inflicted by the rifle, if not instantly fatal, do not stop the enemy fired upon with any degree of certainty. The object of shooting a man in action or one running amuck, as Weaver was, is to stop his course and prevent him from doing harm. If the weapon fails to do this, its serviceability is seriously reduced.

Weaver was running amuck with his magazine loaded. He was ordered disarmed, but presented such a threatening front that the officer of the guard was compelled to order a guard to fire on him, the instructions being to hit him in the legs and bring him down. The ball struck Weaver's magazine, was deflected and entered the abdomen, inflicting a wound which, owing to the explosive force of the weapon, its initial velocity being 2,000 feet per second, must, on entering the abdomen, make the death of the wounded man certain. Yet, in spite of this, Weaver continued to fire after he was down. He was not stopped, although mortally hurt. If the weapon was what it should be, it would have ended Weaver's ability to do injury as soon as it took effect on his body.

It is the general opinion by army men here that the officer was justified in ordering Weaver shot. He occupied the position of a burglar who has wounded a policeman and who is shot by another.

Four Yachts Blown Away.

Chicago, Ill., June 28.—A squall, which struck the west shore of Lake Michigan shortly after midnight this morning, caught fourfour Chicago yachts and blew them out into the lake so far that they have not since been heard from. They were the Pinta, Genevieve, Peri and one other the name of which is not known. The sloop yacht Vixen was also caught, on her way to Milwaukee, but manged to weather the gale safely.